JOHN H. REAM, - - Publisher.

The stork is a wise bird. He can find even a castle in Spain.

John L. Sullivan's idea of a mollyoddle is a man who weighs less than 290 pounds.

J. Barry Mahool has been elected mayer of Baltimore. Somehow he re-minds up of "Sweet Belle Mahone."

How many people would sit out in a ball park on a cold day and listen to a lot of eminent gentlemen talk

It is with automobiles as with women's hats, one of last year's style never seems to attract much attention on the streets.

The salary of the czar of Russia is \$23,000,000 a year. But the fact that he doesn't earn it is probably the least of his worries.

No unfortunate possessor of a pug will "turn up" that organ at the theory that the over-development of the brain causes crookedness of the nose.

Isn't it about time for David B. Hill to declare that the president of the United States should not weigh more than 210 pounds? Bryan weighs over 230 now.

New York chemists declare that the Pennsylvania cobbler's plan for burning ashes is a delusion and a snare. Suppose we'll have to put that scheme down on our list of things that are vided the hire is dignified and proper too good to be true.

One of the scientists predicts that the automobile will have been cast aside for the air ship ten years from now. We may be sure, however, that the people who make the automobiles will be constructing the air ships.

Thirteen million men in the United States are available for military duty, secording to official reports. That means thirteen million men available for digging potatoes, building houses, felling trees, and a few other important jobs.

In Central America the sword is beaten not into plowshares, but into banana hooks. Within a few hours after the close of the recent hostilities between Honduras and Salvador the Honduran soldiers were all at work on the banana-plantations, where most of them had been laborers "befo' de wab."

Damascus, probably the oldest living city in the world, has become modern. In February electric lights flashed through the city and electric cars began to purr along its ancient ways. The American consul-general at Beirut says that until a year ago electricity was under ban in Turkey. The ban has been raised chiefly by American influence, and concessions have been a piece of paper. Says Dr. Saleeby; granted for lights and cars in other

members subordinate officials will levy range. tribute for performing their duty or granting immunity in lawbreaking. If prises for blackmail police captains and sergeants will squeeze little crimpublic service corporations and city governments combine to rob the people by loading the service supported by public charges with monstrous expenditures for corruption they must expect persons who work for public service corporations to hold them up in return by unreasonable strikes to satisfy excessive demands.

"Did you ever hear the history of the crease now uniformly worn in giving one information concerning the trousers and occasionally extending to location of a street or a building. the sleeves of coats? No; well, it's They will never point and instruct you a funny one. In former years creased to go up or down the street, but will trousers were the signs of a hand-me- simply tell you to walk ten blocks east down suit," says a fashionable tailor. and turn to the north. If the sun or "One day, while on his way in a carriage to the Goodwood races in England King Edward happened to spill a glass of red wine on his light fawncolored broadcloth trousers, and un- the Astor library to look at the files of willing to return to the palace he stopped at a ready-made clothing store | three winding flights of stairs, walking and bought a pair. In his haste he could not wait to have the creases fromed out. As a consequence he was the women at the information window : seen at the races with creased trousers. The fashion was set and it has stayed ever since."

That mighty and most cantankerous stream, the noble Missouri, is giving another exhibition of its volatile and mischief-loving nature. It is threatening to desert the agitated city of St. Joseph, Mo., displaying those unmistakable signs of restlessness that always precede its changes of route. The Missouri doesn't take up its bed and hike away when it concludes to move. It makes a new bed in the new location and leaves the old one dry and sandy, ready for occupancy if the river moves back. According to the govermment engineer in charge of the Missonri river, and the job is as far removed from being a sinecure as any job in the gift of the Washington powers, Joseph is in imminent danger of being deserted by the stream and left five miles away from the new river bed. The engineer adds that it would take the entire government appropriation for the Missouri river to protect the banks at St. Joseph and hold the river in check.

In these days of prosperity, when capital is diverted to many ends, and when everybody is eager to have his share of the division of profits, it is not surprising that many good men, led away by the spirit of the age, indulge themselves in the weakness of picking up a little "easy money." From the standpoint of ordinary human impulse there is not much occasion for piled the man who was one.-Philadel onder in the fact that a Brooklyn phia Ledger,

voice of Corey and yielded to the se ductions of a \$1,000 fee. Similarly it was not altogether amazing that a bishop of Nebraska, dwelling in New York, drew his salary regularly for eight years while the condition was conscientiously performing all the duties of the office. But, arguing from the impression that a teacher of morals and public duty and private responsibility is supposed to set an example of extreme consciontioneness, such il instrations of plain everyday commercial thrift are reprehensible. It is, therefore, with the more pleasure that

the public learns that, however griev-

ed it may have been by these two not-

able instances of temporary greed, the reverend gentlemen have seen a light is bright as that which bewildered Saul of Tarsus and have acted accordingly. The \$1,000 fee has been sent back to the seductive Corey, and the bishop has returned \$4,800 for services not performed. True, some cynics may claim that the Brooklyn elergyman was compelled to choose between his fee and his church, and the bishop yielded only to a dlocesan clamor. We prefer to believe that both gentlemen acted from an awakened conscientious impulse and were governed by light from above rather than the handwriting on the wall. Notwithstanding the general spirit of greed and graft, which we have all at one time or another deplored, it is not the less true that a remorseful and corrective spirit of restitution has been struggling for assertion and that an impulse to pay up or pay back has made itself felt in the land. So it is the more desirable and the more significant that teachers and preachers of morality and correct living should be among the first to set the example of reform and show that the laborer is worthy of his hire, proand the labor has been performed. Under other conditions they must be ready to demonstrate that whatever has been appropriated thoughtlessly but wrongfully is not morally their own and must be restored with unmistakable evidences of contrition. That the clergyman and the bishop have adopted with enthusiasm this admirable sentiment cannot fall to have its effect on the layman. Zacchaeus made the boast that if he took anything unlawfully he restored fourfold. A commendable exhibition of remorse, but not necessary in our day. Plain restitution of the principal will meet present requirements for immediate re-

WHY SO MANY USE GLASSES.

The Human Eye Is Naturally Fo cused on Distant Objects.

Many of the commonest physical defects of civilized man are due to an imperfect adaptation of his body to new conditions of life. Nearsightedness is an example.

C. W. Saleeby, the English writer on scientific subjects, says that all the talk about the degeneration of the human eye is "undiluted nonsense." The truth is that "man was not born to read." An instrument made for seeing long distances is forced to accommodate itself to little marks and signs on

The eye which we have inherited from our ancestors is one that is used without effort at long range, merely One evil produces another in the containing within it an apparatus engovernment of cities. If councils sell abling it at the cost of nervous and franchises for payment of money to muscular effort to be used at short

The general need of glasses arises from the necessity, in modern life, of mayors hold up big criminal enter- the use of the eyes at short distances. If the eye were naturally focused upon near objects the advantage, as Dr. Sainals in their districts. Finally, if leeby admits, would be great. However, he continues:

If one started to make a list of the bodily characters of man which the amazing development of his intelligence has rendered more or less appropriate to his needs than originally, one would require a volume.

How Is a Stranger to Know?

New Yorkers are cold-blood d people when it comes to the matter of moon happens to be off duty at the time the inquisitor naturally would be puzzled which way to start. The other day a Pittsburg business man went to his home newspapers. After ascending through the office and thence through a series of reading rooms he asked of "Where is the newspaper room?" "On the main room, north, third floor," came the quick reply. The visitor was devoid of a compass, therefore he thoroughly explored the third floor departments before he found the room he

wanted,-Pittsburg Dispatch,

The Strennous Woman. "On the western coast of the United States, at Monterey, California, Mrs. Fish keeps the lamps lighted in the Point Pinas lighthouse. On the eastern coast, at South Portland, Maine, Mrs. Gordon carns her living by working as a deep-sea diver. Sprinkled over the country between these two women, there are thousands of other members of the female sex who deserve to be enrolled as auxiliaries to Mr. Kipling's corps of "Unafraid Gentlemen," writes William Ward in Techpical World Magazine. And then, from the woman in Utah who is a sheriff and hangs murderers, to the woman in Chicago who bosses a gang of Italian street-cleaners, he tells the role of women who are engaged in strenuous occupations in the United States, Wherever man has tried to wrest a living from unwilling nature, there woman has also left the impress of her daring exploits.

"I wonder," said the man who was given to thought at times. "I wonder what is meant by the 'embarrassment

of riches?" "The poor relation, very likely," re "DO THIS ONE THING."

Whatever you do, do it. The Latins. had a phrase which said: "Hoc Age." It means: "Do this one thing." He thorough. What is thoroughness? It is painstaking ambition.

It is easy enough to say: "I will rise. I will get ahead. I will be somebody. I will make use of my talents." The world is full of men who have said this, and then never rose, never got ahead, never were anybody and never attained a position where they could make use of their natural abilities.

How many men do you know who are making failures of their lives? They excuse themselves by saying: "The world is against me." Don't be-Heve it. Those men are the shirkers, They are the ones who were ambitious without the character to be true to themselves. Ambition without effort is like a lewel of gold in a pig-sty,

Thoroughness is the only unfalling guidepost on the Road to Success. If



store never knew before. Find out all there is to know. Study your department. Think. Make that particular work the center of all your energy, all your thought, all your concern. If you are a carpenter, hate a poor job as you would hate the devil. Every slipshod bit of work you do is pulling you down just that much. If you are a stenographer, set yourself to be a little more rapid, a little more accurate, a little more helpful than any other stenographer in the world. It makes no difference what your employment, what your vocation, give yourself to it body, soul and spirit. Do it with all there is in you. Do it the best you can, and prepare to do it better tomorrow.

But watch your friends and your diversions. Friendship is one of the most beautiful things in the world, and diversion of the right kind is as necessary as eating and sleeping; but the friend who interferes with your work, the diversion that makes you forget your ambition, these are nothing but the pitfalls that the world prepares so that men may be sifted, and so that only those who deserve to win will climb finally to the top of the ladder. Smile when you go to your work. If

It isn't worth smiling over, it isn't worth doing. If you can't be happy at it, there's something wrong, either with the work or with you. And every time you bring the hammer down say. "Here's another blow for success. It's the best I know how to deliver. The things I have done before, they are done; what I may do in the future, that is yet to come. My concern now is this work, and it shall never leave my hands until it is as perfect as I can make it." Don't wait for luck. "Luck." as Lowell says, "is the prerogative, the reward of valiant souls." "Hoc Age:" "Do this one thing."-Cincinnati Post.

Most Wonderful Cave in the World. The most wonderful cave in the world is in the island of Tonga, in the south Pacific. Byron called it "a chapel of the seas." It is formed in a rock that is almost surrounded by the ocean. This rock is about sixty feet high and broad proportionately. Many years ago a boy, the son of a native chief, was chasing a huge turtle, when his game seemed to sink into the rock. The lad watched and walted until the tide fell, disclosing a small opening in the rock about six feet under low water mark. Diving boldly, the young hunter entered the aperture and, to his surprise, came to the surface inside the rock. The rock was hollow, and its interior was found afterward, when the natives explored it with torches, to contain many beautiful stalactites. When attacked and followed by enemies, the natives, who know the secret, leave their canoes, plunge into the water, and disappear. Their foes linger, astonished at their disappearance, for no person not acquainted with it would suspect that the rock was hollow.

Went for Half Fare. The ingenuity of the Chinese in surmounting difficulties is well filustrated by the following dialogue, which recently took place on the imperial Chinese railroad:

Traveler-I wish to ship these two dogs to Pekin. What is the rate? Rallway Official-No got any rate for dogs; one dog all same one sheep; one sheep all same two pigs; can book

four pig. Traveler-But one dog is only a puppy; he ought to go for half fare. Railway Official-Can do all right. Then, turning to his clerk, "Write three pig." he said.-Lippincott's.

The Time Limit. "I always contend," said Miss Elder,

"that a woman should marry at 30, but never before that." "Indeed?" replied Miss Pepprey, "Then why did you refuse Jack Muges when he proposed to you five years ago?"-Philadelphia Press.

Louis. Investigating Parent-And how does Louis dress? Plainly, I hope. Explanatory Landlady - Plainly ! Them clothes are plain as an electric sign on a dark night, anywhere up to four miles .-- Sphinx.

old Favorites

Weighing the Baby. "How many pounds does the baby

weigh-Baby who came a month ago? How many pounds from the crowning

To the rosy point of the restless toe?"

Grandfather ties the kerchief knot. Tenderly guides the swinging weight, And carefully over his glasses peers To read the record, "Only eight."

Softly the echo goes around: The father laughs at the tiny girl; The fair young mother sings, the words, While grandmother smooths the golden

And stooping above the precious thing, Nestles a kiss within a prayer, Murmuring softly, "Little one, Grandfather did not weigh you fair."

Nobody weighed the baby's smile. Or the love that came with the helpless one: Nobody weighed the threads of care,

From which a woman's life is spun,

No index tells the mighty worth Of a little baby's quiet breath-A soft, unceasing metronome, Patient and faithful until death.

Nobody weighed the baby's soul, For here on earth no weights there be That could avail; God only knows Its value in elernity.

Only eight pounds to hold a soul That seeks no angel's silver wing, But shrines it in this human guise, Within so frail and small a thing!

Oh, mother! laugh your merry note, Be gay and glad, but don't forget From baby's eyes looks out a soul That claims a home in Eden yet. -Ethel Lynn.

INDIAN DIVORCES.

Picturesque Names Brighten the Rec-

ord of Their Marital Sufferings. Now that the Indians of the West have been educated up to the standard of suing for divorce the same as their pale-faced brothers and sisters, there will be an added picturesqueness in the reports of such cases, due to the peculiarity of the Indian names At present there are 20 cases pending before the Circuit Court at Bonesteel, S. D., and we learn from them that the Indian Cupid has much the same troubles as the white-winged god.

One of the cases is that of James Ghost Hawk, who sues his eloping wife, Bessle, who walked off with Walking Soldier, a brave of the Crow Creek reservation. He also asks the custody of his child, Mollie Three Thighs Ghost Hawk.

Another case is that of Alice Good Muskrat, who alleges that her moccasined master cloped with Flora Walks-As-She-Jumps. She wants a decree of alimony of 10 ponies and the restoration of her inspiring maiden name, Alice High Kicker. Poor Man Star Boy is another In-

dian who is in trouble. His wife, Jennie, ran away with a no-account Indian named Walking Thunder, and as a witness of this base desertion he has summoned three witnesses, Three Dogs, Kicks High and Three Moons. Josephine Dog Soldier, alleging

cruel and inhuman treatment, recites that her husband, Dog Soldier, bought a coffin when she was sick and made preparations for her funeral. Josephine fooled him by getting

well, which so incensed Dog Soldier that he broke her leg, threatened to kill her and finally drove her from the tepee. Dog Soldier was enamored of another woman, who rejected his suit when she learned what he had done to Josephine. Holy Track, a comely squaw, alleges

that her husband, Never Stampede, belied his name and stampeded with Anna Buffalo Pipe and never came back. As witnesses she names Mule Driver, Three Toes and One Tail.

Other cases pending are those of Helen Turning Bear vs. Fred Left Hand; Hollow Left Hand vs. Left Hand; Picket Pin vs. Mary Picket Pin; His Horse Standing vs. White Whirl Wind; Sweet Horse vs. Clara Sweet Horse; Hail Fast Horse vs. Mary Hall Fast Horse, While the "horses" seem to have the best of it in this, the cow is not entirely neglected. Grinning Cow is the name of a witness in the case of Kate Belt against her husband, who deserted ber, and James Bull Tail charges that Bear Bull Tail, his wife, hit him over the head with a war club, kicked him out of the tepee and to cap the elimax of his injured feelings and assaulted extremities eloped with a lover, Gus Stranger Horse,

Quite a Youngster.

Heffelfinger, the famous "guard" at Yale in the '90s, now a prosperous business man of the West, recently told a story of a countryman who, with his wife, had come down to New Haven to see the "footballers,"

The rural one had walked around the stalwart P. felfinger with an air of critical curiosity, much as he might have surveyed a horse he was about to purchase.

"Sary!" he called to his wife, "What is it?"

"This feller's nigh on to seven feet, ain't he?"

"Almost, Zacharlah." "Weighs about 220, don't he?"

"I reckon he does." "Well, well, well!" ejaculated the countryman. "It do beat all how foot-

bali do develop 'em!" "He certainly is a fine young man," said the wife.

"Man!" observed the countryman,

Sary, one of them professors told me

hisself that this feller's in his fourth year! I wonder what they feed 'em on !"-Harper's Weekly. Women gossip about each other's

love affairs, but men gossip about each other's business affairs. It is bard to tell if you have pleased a girl by the way she smiles at you. PERS THE PEO

FOUNDATION OF GOOD CITIZENSHIP.

perity of the people.

By Governor Hughes. Underlying all other needs is the cultivation of individual strength of character, of self-respect, and of the sense of personal hours. You do not make a man a better man by putting him in the employ of the State. Nor is the fellow who criticises everybody else, but is quietly looking out for a chance to get a little graft himself, the sort of man who will Improve the public service.

The employer who will oppress his men and treat them unfairly will oppress the people if he gets a chance. And the employe who will GOV. HUGHES. cheat his employer, or the representative of a union who will betray it for his own ad-

vantage, will cheat and betray the public if he is put in The man who thinks the first object in life is to serve himself, and who thinks that the American idea is "every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost," will

never be a faithful servant for the people. So that it is in the schools and the settlements, in the various institutions and organizations where men and women, boys and girls, are taught to be square, and that there are limits which personal honor and the sense of right and justice will not permit to be exceeded, no matter what selfish advantage is to be gained, and that there are public rights and the interests of the community which are above all mere individual considerations, that we find the security for good government and the pros-

And I believe most strongly in the cultivation of the religious principle and of the faith in the supremacy of the power that makes for righteousness, upon which all else that I have spoken of is based.

CULTIVATE SELF-ESTEEM.

By Juliet V. Strauss.

Nobody's life is a failure unless he himself considers it so. If it suits him, that is all that is necessary. A man may be a bore, be may be utterly useless and inefficient, or he may be unendurably officious and always bobbing up at the wrong time, but so long as he doesn't know it is he is fortunate above everybody else. There is a certain class of people whom I

often think are more to be envied than any others, and that is they who are hopelessly bad form and do not know it. They are handsome, they are elaborate, they are stylish. What more could be desired? Their serent-

ty in coldly tramping down all the unwritten laws of good taste is a terror to beholders, and has a humorous

side calculated to make a cow laugh. There is only one sort of person who is funnier, and that is one who is just as hopelessly good form. Some form is so good that it is bad, and people who are afflicted with this laborious sort are truly ponderous, Their efforts are as unlike the consummate social grace of those to the manner born as is the playing of the person we used to call a "bumble puppy" at whist to that of the real whist player. The "bumble puppy," how-

ever, is all right, because he thinks be is. It is only when we become a little bit doubtful of our own success that we begin to be pitiable, and people kick us from pillar to post. People like impudence; they like duplicity; they like vanity; they like display. If you are meek and modest, mild and meritorious, just get ready to turn the other cheek, for you will have reason to do so. If the thought that perhaps, after all, you are not the smartest thing in town begins to creep into your deluded cranium, expel it, as you would any other poisonous sentiment. Remember you are the center of the universe, and let that thought console you; give your hat a little tilt over your nose and step out jauntily, for if you slink, somebody will throw a rock at you or tie a tin can to your coat tall,

YOUNG FOLKS, REMEMBER MOTHER.

By Zelma Travers.

There are very few young people who ever stop to cousider the tremendous debt they owe to their mothers. In the rush of everyday life the mother, with her unselfish devotion, shrinks to the side and is left there to be neglected by those for whom her life has been one long sacrifice.

Mothers demand very little in return for the long nights of broken rest and watchfulness they spent when you were a child, so remember, girls, that a little smile and a kind word will go a great way to pay up the debt you owe.

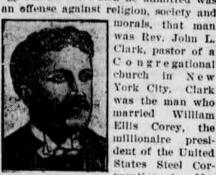
Mothers like fun once in a while just as much as you do, so don't exclude them from your pleasure. Take them into your confidence and tell them your secrets. You won't find a better friend the world over. Nothing will please your mother more than the little gift you purchase to surprise her. A mother is never so proud as when she is taken out by her son. Don't be ashamed, boys, to show her this attention. Let ner feel that you, too, are proud to be seen with her.

Show her the courtesy that you are in the habit of giving your girl acquaintances, and you will be repaid when you see the great happiness that will brighten up her worn face.

MADE ABJECT APOLOGY.

The Minister Who Married Millionaire Corey to Mabelle Gliman. If ever a man made an abject apo!

ogy for an act which he admitted was an offense against religion, society and morals, that man was Rev. John L. Clark, pastor of a



York City, Clark was the man who married William Ellis Corey, the millionaire president of the United States Steel Cor-REV. JOHN L. CLARK. belle Gilman, the

actress. Corey by his life had pracmarried him when he was poor and who had helped him in his fight for fame and fortune, to sue for divorce. Before this action his name was associated with that of the Gilman woman and the divorce was necessary in order that he might marry the stage beauty. Corey appealed to several Episcopal ministers to officlate, but to their credit they refused. Only the weakness of a Congregational minister removed the necessity of a civil marriage instead of a religious

Clark's congregation was so indignant that, to save his place, he returned the princely fee he had received; made a most abject apology, acknowledging his sin before the world and begged for forgiveness. This was finally granted, on his promise never again to disgrace his holy calling .-Utien Globe.

RED TOPS AND COPPER TOES.

The Boy of Old and His First Pair

of Boots. It was the sight of a little pair of boots with dingy red tops and copperbound toes that stirred memories. They were castoffs, relies of a time when progress and modern ways had not come upon us and changed us so much.

Now, when a boy reaches the age of 14, we give him a safety razor, and he takes his girl out riding in a hired automobile.

In the old days, in the time of the simple life and the straight talk, your boots were the pride and for of your heart. They had shiny red tops then and the copper looked like gold, and nary a chill touched the legs of the boy who were them. If you will remember, you and father paid a visit to the shoe shop early in September, never knew that they were wrapped and the boots came home with you. They pinched some at first, for a boy who has gone barefoot all summer has feet like pancakes. You tried them on the walk lp front of your house her boy who had grown up to be a and oh, joy! what a musical squeak great big man and gone out into the they made and how they seemed to world.

HATCHING SNAKES-SOMETHING NEW IN PHOTOGRAPHY.



The photographs shown above are among the most unusual on record. Probably not more than a half dozen persons, all told, have ever seen young snakes emerging from the eggs, and it is not known that they were ever before photographed. The snakes are of the viper and viperine varieties.

which is a very fine message.

Then on Saturday night father greased them, rubbing the oil well in, and you put in your days hoping for a tically forced his wife, who had change in the weather. Indian summer, the drifting leaves, warm sunshine and soft breezes grew positively hateful, and you wondered what people would do if it stayed bot all winter and if the things that made it grow cold had slipped a cog, and the cherry trees would blossom on Christ-

> mas day. And then, one night you heard the wind whistling in the chimney and you snuggled down in bed and went to sleep again, and mother had to call you four times before you hopped out of your warm nest, and, glory be! there was frost on the window pane and a pair of red-top boots waiting for a boy just your size down by the kitchen stove. How warm and nice they felt as you slipped them on over your woolen socks, and soon you were slipping along the frosted grass in the back yard. You broke the ice on sundry puddles. You walked through the cornfield, where the frost had hardened the ground, and the crunch! crunch!

said: "New boots! new boots!" And then, one day the storm came. Grandfather said that the old woman up above was picking her geese, and there were drifts for the new boots to plow through, and a path to be made to the wood pile, and later, when the ice on the big pond was glary, those same little boots slid across un-

til your breath came fast. You were as warm as toast.

Well did those little red-top boots do their work. At church you were tious students will quickly increase the sure that people were admiring them, and at Sunday school how glad you were you had them on when the superintendent put his hand on your head and told father you were a fine fellow.

And then came spring and the snow melted and the blossoms came and the red-top boots were forgotien, and you in paper and laid away with other keepsakes, and that years later a grayhaired woman caressed them with loving touches and shed tears because of

proclaim: "New boots! new boots!" WORK WHILE OTHERS SLEEP.

From 2 to 5 A. M. the Mind Is at Its Best. The old theory that one hour of sleep

before midnight is worth two hours after may be at the bottom of the newest theory of effective work. At any rate, Professor Victor Hallopeau, of the Paris Academy of Medicine, says that the best intellectual work can be accomplished between midnight and dawn. His explanation follows: The true secret of long-continued.

valuable brain-work is to cut the night in two. The scholar, the inventor, the financier, the literary creator, should be asleep every night by 10 o'clock, to wake again at, say, 2 in the morning. Three hours' work, from 2 to 5, in the absolute tranquillity of the silent hours, should mean the revealing of new powers, new possibilities, a wealth. of ideas undreamed of under the prevailing system.

From 5 to 8 or 8:30 sleep again. Take up again the day's work; the brain will still be saturated with the mental fruits of the night-vigil; there will be no effort in putting into practice or carrying further what was planed or begun those few hours before. The habit may be hard to acquire,

but mechanical means of waking, at first, will induce the predisposition, Loti has long had the habit of so working, and declares his best thoughts, his clearest jutellectual vision, his choicest phrases, come to him when he works fresh from sleep, with

all the world still in dreamland about With such authority to rest upon, there is no reason to doubt that ambi-

demand for midnight oil.

Dainty if Not Substantial. The wife of a farmer had a sister come from Chlengo to make a visit. One day the thrushers came, and the guest insisted on doing the work alone and sent her sistur away to rest. When twenty-seven thrashers filed in to supper that night they found a sandwich tled with ribbon, one chicken croquette, one cheese ball the size of a marble and a buttonhole bouquet at each plate,

How easy it is to suggest a remedy for other people's ills!

-Emporia (Kan.) Gazette.

WILL THEY FITP



-Chicago Inter Ocean.